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Established June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. A large quarto weekly of eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farming and household departments. Reaching as many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

FIRE ON PRISCILLA

Much excitement was caused in the neighborhood of Long wharf on Thursday when dense black smoke was seen pouring out of the hold of the Fall River Line steamer Priscilla. Workmen on board the vessel gave the alarm, and the Newport fire department was summoned from the Company's private box. In the meantime the employees of the Company went to work with the fire fighting apparatus of the steamer itself and soon had the situation well in hand. When the Newport apparatus arrived, long lines of hose were laid from the hydrants into the interior of the big steamer but water was not turned on, and when the employees had the flames extinguished, the recall was sounded.

The fire was in a blow chute leading far down into the engine room of the steamer. Workmen had been engaged with blow pipes in the room and the intense heat apparently ignited the grease-coated chute so that the dense smoke poured up through the hold, causing the men to gasp for air and fumble their way to safety through smoke-laden passages. When the water was poured down the chute the fire was quickly swept away but the smoke lasted for some time. The heat was so intense that some of the paint was blistered, but no other damage was done.

The sounding of the alarm attracted a large crowd to the scene, and some thought there would be a repetition of the spectacular fire that destroyed the steamer Plymouth seventeen years ago. The Priscilla has been at the repair shops for some time, and her spring overhauling has been progressing well. The slight damage done by the fire will not delay the time of her completion.

There seems to be a difference of opinion among authorities as to the amount of money available for the continuance of work at the Torpedo Station. It was announced a few days ago that a balance had been discovered that would enable the work to go on without a substantial reduction of forces, but this statement was denied by others in a position to know. The men are therefore still in a state of uncertainty as to what will actually happen, especially after July 1st, when the new fiscal year begins.

In preparation for the daylight saving laws and ordinances which will go into effect on Sunday, April 29th, the New York, New Haven & Hartford sends out notice that on that date all its schedules will be advanced one hour. Under the law the railroads are required to operate their trains on standard time, but in effect the result will be the same as if the railroads adopted daylight saving time. The arrangement is the same as for several years past.

The apprentices from the Training Station had a practice march through the streets of Newport on Thursday afternoon, this being their first appearance here for the spring season. The boys marched in ten companies and made a very imposing appearance. Owing to the fact that no advance intimation had been sent that the boys were coming over, there was a smaller number of people on the streets than usual.

Mr. William F. Watson, Jr., has returned from the training camp at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, where he has spent several months in the air service. After leaving there he came home by Mexico City.

RESIDENTIAL FIRE

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wright had a narrow escape from death early Wednesday morning, and attribute the saving of their lives to the vigilance of a pet dog. Soon after one o'clock they were awakened by the continued barking of the dog, and when Mr. Wright made an investigation, he found the house filled with smoke and flames. He could not reach the telephone to give an alarm, neither could he go down by the stairway. Mr. and Mrs. Wright hastily threw on some garments and then gave the alarm from an upper window and balcony. Their calls were heard by the patrolman on the beat, who sounded box 221 near the Cranston School, and were also heard from the residence of John J. Moore near by, so that Mr. Cornelius C. Moore was quickly on the scene.

When the fire department arrived, ladder was quickly raised to relieve the occupants of the house, and then the firemen burst in the front door and began a battle with the flames.

The fire seemed to have originated in a closet on the second floor, but it had made its way on to the third floor, where the firemen found a great deal of work to do. Much chopping was required and a large quantity of water was used, so that the lower floors were pretty well drenched even though they escaped damage by fire. The flames did not break through, and so there was no particularly spectacular feature for the small crowd that gathered at the scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright were taken into the Moore residence nearby for the night. Although the money loss is probably fully covered by insurance, they lost many valuable articles that will be difficult to replace. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it undoubtedly started in a closet on the second floor, and is attributed to a combination of mice and matches.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening, because of other engagements on Thursday. A communication from the street commissioner called attention to the fact that a large amount of curbing would be required for Broadway and Bellevue avenue before the new pavements are laid. He estimated the cost for the preparations for Broadway at about \$25,000 and believed that a portion of the bonds should be issued and the curbing purchased in order to save money.

A proposition also came through the street commissioner from the C. A. Setley Co., to repair the Van Zandt avenue bridge for \$6400. This proposition was referred to a committee consisting of Aldermen Hanley and Martin to confer with the street commissioner.

Chief Tobin submitted a communication calling attention to the fact that on a recent call for the ambulance for an accident on Commercial wharf, there was much delay in responding. The city clerk was directed to notify the contractor that no delay would be tolerated.

Considerable routine business was transacted and the weekly bills and payrolls were approved.

Colonel Alvin A. Barker of this city has been placed on the retired list of the Rhode Island Militia with the rank of Brigadier General. He has been actively connected with military organizations in Rhode Island since 1875. He served as Major in the First Rhode Island Volunteers in the Spanish War, and also as Captain in a regiment that saw active service in the Philippines. He organized the Rhode Island National Guard in 1917, and was the first commanding officer, resigning that command in 1918.

Several Newports have been in Boston this week, having been summoned to testify before the grand jury that is investigating the activities of the so-called "rum ring," in connection with the appearance of the big steamer loaded with booze off this port.

Newport Lodge of Elks have awarded the contract for the erection of a new building for a lodge room to William A. Burbidge for \$29,000. The building will be erected on the land belonging to the lodge at Bellevue avenue and Pelham street adjoining the present club building.

Visible progress is now being made on the construction of the new cigar factory building on Commercial wharf, and the contractors are apparently satisfied with their schedule.

STUYVESANT FISH

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, the owner of the handsome estate, "Crossways," in this city, and a prominent New York financier, died very suddenly in the banking rooms of the National Park Bank in New York on Tuesday. He was a man of imposing physique and had apparently been in his usual excellent health until he was suddenly seized with heart weakness and died at once. His wife, who was for many years a leader in New York and Newport society, died several years ago.

Mr. Fish was a descendant of the old New York family of that name, his father being Hamilton Fish, who was Governor of New York, and was Secretary of State under President Grant. Mr. Fish was born in New York in 1851, and was graduated from Columbia University in 1871. He entered the employ of the Illinois Central Railroad and was president of that Company for a number of years until his memorable battle with the late E. R. Harriman, which resulted in his retirement. He was connected with many other large institutions and was a director in a number of insurance companies. He had long been prominent in financial circles in New York.

The Fish villa in this city was for a number of years the scene of many notable entertainments. Mrs. Fish was noted for her unique ideas, which made invitations to her dinners and entertainments eagerly sought. During his active business life with the Illinois Railroad Mr. Fish was able to give little time to purely social affairs and came to Newport rather infrequently, but after his retirement he was seen here more often. He delighted in accompanying Mrs. Fish in her shopping tours about the city, in preparing for some of her large entertainments. Since her death the Newport residence had been closed and has been on the market for some years.

GROTTO MINSTRELS

The Minstrel Show and dance by Kolah Grotto, which was produced at Masonic Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, made a pronounced hit. Every number on the programme was excellent and there were many encores. The stage setting was unique and attractive and the robing of the performers was very striking.

Mr. Arthur B. Commerford was the interlocutor and carried on a lively conversation with the six end men, comprising four tambos and two bones. The latter were Samuel W. Taylor, Allyn H. Barrett, Alfred W. Edward and Daniel Austin, and the latter were William C. Lawlor and George R. Chase, 2nd. There were many songs and specialties introduced, including some splendid work by the Temple Quartette, consisting of T. Frederick Harry, John Mercer, Herbert S. Holm and Harry W. Scoville.

The Saxo Sextette rendered a pleasing selection on the saxophone, and Robert B. Munro made a pronounced hit in his impersonations. The last number on the program was Captain Harry Howard, the veteran drummer and bugler, who brought down the house with his lively measures. His tambourine dance was the occasion of tumultuous applause.

Following the programme, dancing was enjoyed to music by Ray Groff's Masonic orchestra. The entire affair was under the general direction of Mr. T. Frederick Harry, who is entitled to great credit for his excellent work. Prophet Molander, who is a member of Aziz Grotto of New Britain, Conn., proved to be a wonder at the piano.

The days continue to lengthen. They have now lengthened 4 hours and 12 minutes. They are today 13 hours and 18 minutes long. The sun rose today at 5:07 and sets tonight at 6:28. High water today at 6:19 a. m. and 6:40 p. m. New moon next Monday.

It is now planned to have the formal opening of the Wanumetonomy Golf and Country Club on July 4th. At that time the links will be ready for use, giving ample time for the grass to come up in the fairway.

Daylight saving time commences two weeks from tomorrow, and continues till September 30. It ought to have begun the last Sunday in March and continued to the last Sunday in October.

Captain and Mrs. Hugh de L. Wiloughby are expected to arrive here for the summer within a few days, opening their summer villa, "Le Chalet."

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The monthly meeting of the School Committee was held on Monday evening. There was a comparatively small attendance of members. Mr. Clarke was in his seat and did not present his resignation as a member of the Committee.

Superintendent Lull's report contained the following items:

Total enrollment 4634, average number belonging 4179.2, average attendance 3988.9, per cent of attendance 95.4, cases of tardiness 333, and cases of dismissal before the end of a session 72. The total (4634) is 57 more than all last year (4577). The enrollment in the Rogers is 1000, or 68 more than all last year. Of the 333 cases of tardiness, 202 are due to the Rogers.

Absences—164 sessions by 25 teachers, 13 sessions by 3 assistants.

Tardiness—12 sessions by 11 teachers.

Permits

The total number issued and used since September is 747. They were distributed as follows: Kindergarten 29, grade I, 154; grades II-IX, 182; Rogers, 112.

Board of Health

Since the last meeting, March 12, two pupils have been excluded because of diphtheria in the house; 27 cases of measles have been reported, and four children have been excluded because of these cases.

Evening Schools

The following is a part of the annual report sent to the State Board of Education. It covers the school year 1922-1923, from October 16 to March 16 (both dates included). There were 58 sessions with a total enrollment of 292, and an average attendance of 99. The subjects offered, besides the elementary work, were stenography and typewriting, mechanical drawing, and shop work. These pupils were employed during the day as laborers, gardeners, mechanics (apprentices and helpers), auto mechanics, chauffeurs, factory workers, clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, government employees and house workers. The total salary cost of teachers was \$1,555.55.

Cotton Essays

As a matter of record, the awarding of these essays should be mentioned. Eleven essays were submitted to the three trustees—the president of the Charity Organization Society, the chairman of the School Committee and the superintendent of schools. Before a decision could be reached nine different readers were needed. The awards were as follows:

First prize, John P. Vinti; second, Margaret Drinkwater; third, Rose Wilhoit; fourth, Lillian J. Marriott; fifth, Margaret V. Connell. The prizes were books selected by the trustees. The relative values were \$20, \$15, \$10, \$5 and \$5.

The Cotton Memorial fund has been used once before for a lecture on a civic subject. It amounts to about \$1,000.

Seeds

Three bags of flower and vegetable seeds have been received from Senator Colt and Congressman Burdick. They have been sent to the principals for distribution to those pupils who will promise to use them at home. The three school gardens have received their own seeds.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 65; number of cases of truancy (public, 9, parochial, 3); 12; number out for illness and other causes, 53; number of different children truants, 12; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public school, 1; number sent to parochial school, 1; number of certificates issued, 4.

A case of discipline was reported from the Rogers. Two boys and two girls were suspended for truancy, and were required to sign a promise to obey the regulations before being reinstated.

There was considerable argument over pay for janitors when the Rogers Hall is used. It was finally agreed that the men should be paid three dollars a night but that the city should meet the bill when the hall is used for school activities.

William W. Riley, for many years coachman for the late Thomas A. Lawton, died very suddenly at his home on Elizabeth street on Tuesday. Although he had been in rather poor health for some time, his death was entirely unexpected. He was active in many organizations of colored men and women, including the colored Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Knights of Pythias, Star of the East and Heroines of Jericho. He was well and favorably known throughout the city.

There seems to be little possibility of any improvement to Broadway for the coming summer. The public service corporations have reached agreements, which have been approved by the board of aldermen, for making necessary changes in their installations below the surface, and the curbs will be reset in preparation for beginning work next spring.

Captain and Mrs. Hugh de L. Wiloughby are expected to arrive here for the summer within a few days, opening their summer villa, "Le Chalet."

MIDDLETOWN

Public Health Committee

The Middletown Red Cross Public Health Committee held its meeting at the Berkeley parish. The chairman, Mr. Stephen P. Cabot, presided. The district nurse, Mrs. Violet H. Hodgson, gave a comprehensive report of the work done during March. It was voted to enlarge the committee by the addition of Miss Alice Brownell, Mrs. Edgar M. Phelps and a member of the town council. A committee was appointed to have 1000 cards printed, to be mailed to the different families, stating the work of the district nurse, and facts relative to her work.

It was voted that the district nurse purchase a new dental chair. It is hoped that the Middletown schools may have a dental clinic soon.

The town treasurer was authorized to renew the town's note for \$10,000.

The town's appropriation of \$6000 was apportioned equally between the districts.

Louis J. Corcoran and Philip Smoot were appointed special constables to act in the dance pavilion at Island Park.

George E. Sisson, surveyor in District No. 2, presented his resignation, which was accepted. George S. Lopez was appointed to fill the unexpired term.

Compensation for highway labor was fixed as follows: Double team, with man, \$8 per day; overseer, \$4; laborer, \$3.50; three-horse hitch, \$3.50; boy at the discretion of the surveyor. Nine hours are to constitute a day's work.

A number of bills were received, allowed and ordered paid.

In the probate court, the petition of Franklin Porter, guardian of Helen L. Porter, for permission to transfer certain certificates of stock, belonging to his ward, was allowed.

The first and final account of George R. Hicks, administrator of the estate of Frederick J. Tallman, was referred to May 14.

The first and final account of George R. Hicks, administrator of the estate of Letitia T. Freeborn, was referred to May 14.

The petition of Margaret L. Slack, guardian of Frank L. Slack, for permission to sell her ward's interest in certain real estate, was allowed.

The petition of Norman and Agnes L. Hall for the adoption and change of name of a child, now of their household, was allowed.

Mr. Robert J. Gibson died suddenly on Monday morning, of apoplexy, at the stable on Sandy Point Farm. Mr. Gibson had been ill about six weeks with the grip and other ailments, but had returned to his work. He has been employed by Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt as horse trainer for more than 17 years and was well known at all horse shows as the best stallion showman in the country. Mr. Gibson and his wife came to this country from England in the employ of Mr. E. D. Jordan of Boston. He was an athlete of considerable ability when a boy. He was selected to go to the Argentine about 20 years ago with show winners from the London horse show, but since that time has been employed at Sandy Point Farm.

Mr. Gibson was 63 years of age. He is survived by a wife, nine children, eight of whom reside in this town, and three grandchildren.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday at St. Mary's Church, and the interment was in the churchyard. The floral tributes were exceedingly beautiful and numerous.

The annual election of officers of the Association of St. Paul's Church was held recently at the home of the Misses Emma, Frances and Grace Huie. It was decided to hold the annual lawn party on Wednesday, July 18. The following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Nathaniel Smith.

Vice President—Mrs. Florence B. Peckham.

Secretary—Mrs. Edward J. Peckham.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Reston S. Peckham.

The Custard Cup

by
Florence Bingham Livingston

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as the "Custard Cup," originally "Golater Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mr. Horatio Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Pen." Pen tells Penfield a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name.

CHAPTER II.—A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Mosley, induces Penfield to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings.

CHAPTER III.—Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, a member of the gang, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a woman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penfield, and Lettie is adopted into the family.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield's uncle, Jerry. He announces he is going to remain in the vicinity of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER V.—Uncle Jerry arrives to occupy the loft above Mrs. Penfield's abode.

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle Jerry meets Prudence Hippo, no longer young, but attractive, and the two appear to make it well. Prudence, a long-time friend of Penfield, tells him of her engagement to Uncle Jerry, also a mutual friend.

CHAPTER VII.—Friendship developing between Uncle Jerry and Frank Booley, husband of Gussie, worries Penfield.

CHAPTER VIII.—Calmly, a tenant, Mrs. Sanders, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mrs. Penfield reveals the tragic secret of her own life, the sudden loss of her two children in an epidemic and the subsequent death of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.—Lettie's pet aversion to The Custard Cup has long been a certain Mr. Jethro Wopple, and the animosity culminates in a physical encounter in which much water is spilled.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Chase considers to Mrs. Penfield that his fiancee's stepmother, Mrs. Percy, by pleading physical helplessness, is seeking to prevent their marriage. Penfield skilfully exposes Mrs. Percy's sham, and the latter is forced to withdraw her objections.

CHAPTER XI.—The domestic difficulties of the "Booleys" become a matter of general alarm to the other tenants of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER XII.—Lettie, having suddenly discovered her beloved Penfield's distrust of Frank Booley as a companion of Uncle Jerry, denounces Booley and appeals to Uncle Jerry to give up the acquaintance-ship. They laugh at her.

CHAPTER XIII.—Endeavoring to prevent the marriage of Lorene and Dick Chase, Mrs. Percy succeeds in only delaying Lorene's return home. Mrs. Penfield, by the hardest kind of work, repays the damage, and the wedding takes place.

CHAPTER XIV.—Remarks left fall by Mrs. Bosley leave Penfield in utter bewilderment as to the relations between Uncle Jerry and the Bosleys. Uncle Jerry is evasive in his explanations.

CHAPTER XV.—In the absence of Penfield, Little entertains Prudence Hippo and Uncle Jerry, with disastrous results.

CHAPTER XVI.—The small members of the Penfield household insist on a Christmas celebration. Little enacting to provide a whole dollar for the occasion. She has no inspiration, and evolves a "machine" which she submits to an advertising agency. The manager is not at all impressed, but finally sympathizes with the earnestness of the child and gives her a dollar for the invention.

CHAPTER XVII.—Mrs. Penfield and Little go shopping and with infinite craft the dollar is expended.

CHAPTER XVIII

Christmas in the Custard Cup. "I'm going to invite Bonnie Geraldine to the tree," caroled Lettie on the final morning of the Christmas preparations.

It was the climax of her hospitality, and was so considered by the family. Mrs. Penfield had agreed to men, women, children and dogs; but when it came to hours, her enthusiasm waned. Her formal objection was based on Mrs. Geraldine's timid nature and the temperamental anguish which she might endure if forced to meet society in the mass, but Lettie proposed to ease the sensibilities of the young Plymouth Rock by bringing her in a box, tethered to remain therein. The matter was discussed, but left to circumstances for final decision.

Lorene and Dick Chase had returned from their honeymoon and had accepted their invitation.

"We'll ask her to sing," decided Crink, who had a wary eye out for the entertainment of the guests whom Lettie was zealously assembling.

"Indeed you won't!" exclaimed Mrs. Penfield, looking up in shocked surprise from the candy bag she was shaking out of an old net curtain. "I'd be 'shamed' to death if you asked Lorene. Why, Crink, don't you know, she's been in a choir for a year and been paid for it? Tahn't never 'polite' to ask person to sing free after he learned how."

"Botheration!" cried Crink. "Ain't that the outer limit? Well, say, Penfield, I could just tell her how grand I think she sings, and mebbe she'd do for. Couldn't I?"

"It has been done," smiled Mrs. Penfield. "That's about the only polite way to manage it."

Lettie, down on the floor with Crink and Thad, untangling scraps of colored string that had been collected through many months, looked up in dismay. "Landy gracious, Penfield, have we got to watch ev'rything we say to the party?"

"Now you've got it," chuckled Uncle Jerry, the expert corn-popper. "Mind ye go in for high life, you get into difficulties." He emptied the final contribution into the pan of fragrant peppered corn and added the "old



The Gifts Were Drawn Forth.

Everything was ready for the party, and the financial score ran like this:

Cards for tree	10 cents
3 yards tinsel	10 cents
8 candles and holders	10 cents
Candy	10 cents
Popcorn	10 cents
Tablet paper	10 cents
Mantua envelopes	10 cents
Spool of thread	5 cents
Block of candy	1 cent
Total	50 cents

It was a wonderful evening. The three young Penfields went through it in a happy dream. They could no more believe in its reality than the caged bird can't believe in sudden freedom. Here was not merely a good time, but the climax of bliss—the essence of things long hoped for. The air was full of the pungency of popcorn. And there was the tree itself, in a corner of the living-room; its branches hung with tinsel. Lettie's three yards of this ethereal trimming had been separated into cunning lengths and disposed with an appearance of abundance. And, candle! They could not be denied. Six of them! There were four strings of popcorn in a graduated terrace; walnut shells, decorated with whatever paint had offered; eggshells also, with bright pictures affixed. And what matter if the contents of these latter had gone to the nourishment of other tenants in The Custard Cup? The decorative possibilities had been saved for the Penfield tree.

And then the presents! For every child: a pictorial eggshell, a picture puzzle, a net bag of popcorn and candy; for every adult, an appropriate bit and verse, and a picture puzzle!

The hardest thing was to wait till half past seven, the hour at which the guests were bidden. At twenty-five minutes past, the candles were lighted, a schedule which precluded the waste of wax without a justifiable number of observers. It was the touch. A long-drawn "Oh-h-h!" expressed the complete gratification of all the Penfields. From that time on, fairland was an open book. That's blue eyes were unbelievably wide, and he smiled about in an awed and silent ecstasy. Crink was full of important errands, having gratuitously assumed responsibilities for salient features of the evening.

As for Lettie, she was not the same child that had struggled into Mrs. Penfield's kitchen three months before, undernourished, blindly resentful against the harshness of an unthinking world, ready to fight anything and anyone to keep her starved soul in her starved body—a creature forced by the indifference of society into reverton to elemental instincts, to primitiveness, pugnacity. Without volition she had been shot into a schema of things that had no place for her, that frowned upon her with heavy disapproval. She had been saved from the attitude that might have followed—the attitude of a society that later holds up its hands in shock of horror and repudiates the menace that its own carelessness has nurtured. It will always be so until that society ceases to segregate its human strays, to be housed in correct stone buildings and fed from long-handled spoons, and rouses to the inalienable right of the individual to individual care.

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "I guess you'll think I'm awful hard to get used to," she admitted.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Penfield, overwhelmed. "Why, it wasn't right for you to bother, hant—"

"They're for the children," she admitted.

"Oh, my, dear," said Mrs. Penfield, overwhelmed. "Why, it wasn't right for you to bother, hant—"

"Don't say that," interrupted Mrs. Sanders. "It's been the best thing for me that ever happened. Must how I hasn't called you over for one of those—those attacks lately? Well, when I've felt one coming on, I've gone to work on these things—hard!" She pointed to the gifts. "They've been what's saved me—but I thought maybe the children could use 'em. That's what started me making 'em, but I got more good out of 'em than anybody else will."

"You're a dear friend," acknowledged Mrs. Penfield warmly. "I hope you'll have a brighter New Year."

"I'm planning to do diff'runt; that's one thing sure. I'll tell you about it pretty soon."

As Mrs. Penfield went back into the house, Lettie came dancing in from a trip to the yard to feed popcorn to Bonnie Geraldine.

"Oh, Peuzie," she cried, "what do you suppose I done? You couldn't guess, ever. I wished Mr. Wopple a Merry Christmas. Wasn't that a queer thing?"

I was feeling so happy that I forgot all 'bout how mean he is—and everything. And minute I said it, he was real decent."

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "I guess you'd think he was decent all the time if you was decent yourself all the way through," she commented mildly.

"What! Ain't I—" "

"Why, of course you're not. That's what's the matter. What do you suppose Mr. Wopple thinks of a little girl that has to beat a temper gong and storms around and says sharp things?"

"What does he think of me?" Lettie repeated slowly. "Why, I never thought of that. My landy Goshen! I gonna study it out after Christmas and see what there is in it."

"It'll be a good scheme," agreed Mrs. Penfield briskly. "And now see here, children. I'm going to let you open these here presents right now, if you want to, 'cause there may be something in 'em that you won't find tonight."

"We'll have to play sit-down games," decided Crink, surveying the eight rows of chairs which he had borrowed for the occasion.

"Yes, Crink," laughed Mrs. Penfield, "but you can see how lucky 'ts that this was a barn. If it hadn't been built big 'nough for horses, we couldn't never have this grand party."

Even so, the only thing that made the space sufficient was previous engagements on the part of several tenants. In consequence, there were only thirty-five who gathered and squeezed happily into the borrowed chairs; but they all brought their most flattering exclamations and used them freely.

Even Mr. Wopple smiled, by which token the jollity of the others may be imagined.

Excitement rose again to a dangerously high point when Uncle Jerry returned with two wild ducks and a bag of rice. Would there be a Christmas dinner the next day in the Penfield household? Would there?

ference with Lorene Chase, and shortly thereafter it was made known that she had a new Christmas song. Enthusiasm grew. She gave them more songs. Her clear voice filled The Custard Cup with melody.

All this time the tree stood waiting, but its turn came at last. Impressively Dick Chase read off the names, with prodigal flourish the little Penfields made distribution. Surprise was unparalleled. Exclamations were doubled, trebled.

And even this was not the end. Rather it was the prelude. Because immediately thereafter refreshments were served. They were Crink's contribution, and his pride in this name of hospitality was well-nigh suffocating. A few days before Mr. Drake had given him a large tin box of cakes which a wholesale delivery boy had dropped on the floor. The cakes, as sorted to begin with, had been further

"fuller." Lettie left it at that, with entire adequacy. "What I was thinking of was last year and the swell feed I got. I had some moldy bread and a piece of bologna that I fished out."

"Oh, Lettie, Lettie!" broke in Mrs. Penfield compassionately. "I'll never be thankful enough that Crink found you."

"Neither'll I be, you bet your front doorsteps! Jiminy, it's great to live grand like this."

The next morning the sky was full of clouds. It was degrees colder, and the wind sent the ragged leaves of the pepper tree swirling around the driveway. Mrs. Penfield reflected that if was fortunate she had just laid in a supply of coal. Cornstalks and driftwood might serve as kindlings, but they made little impression on heating the house and that generous portion of out-of-doors which swept in through cracks and knot-holes.

It was a week of rain. Clothes could not be dried in the yard, so Crink carried them up to the loft as in the previous winter, except that the ascent was easier because of Uncle Jerry's stepladder. Certainly washings could not wait for fair weather, because immediate revenue was required. Crink first asked for a week's pay in advance, to initial the payment on the coal; therefore the family were dependent on the current income. Mrs. Penfield had never planned so closely before, but it had seemed safe.

The first time that Crink returned without the money for the laundry which he had just delivered, she was disappointed; the second time, she was astounded. In each case the family had gone out of town to spend the holiday week. Crink had encountered a maid who informed him carelessly that he would get his pay the following week.

"Now, children, we just got to plan," said Mrs. Penfield cheerfully.

Consequently they planned. Mrs. Penfield took no further account of possible income during the week, and apportioned the supplies on hand to tide them through till the day after New Year's. She was reasonably sure that on that day she could depend upon a payment from Mrs. Weatherstone.

Mrs. Penfield was that commercial castastrophe, the cash customer, who receives only the most fleeting consideration from the storekeeper, whereas the customer, who keeps him waiting for his money, is the object of his earnest solicitude and accommodation. It seems that the less money one has, the more promptly one pays. It was probable that Mrs. Penfield might have opened an account with Mr. Drake; but it was contrary to her prudent policy, and also distasteful to Crink's ideas of independence.

"Land, I'm glad I've read all them diet books," she said to herself. "I know now that if you go without food for a few days, you ain't starving, you're fasting. And it's terrible stuff, too. Besides, water is awful fillin'."

She drank two glasses before every meal. To her astonishment, she discovered that Lettie knew this trick as well as she did, having learned it by a far more harrowing means—not by reading, but by necessitous experience.

It looked as if she would be able to steer her household craft safely through the shallow waters, without appealing in any direction; but there was one thing, which she had not counted on, and that was the insatiable power of hunger. Ravenous stomachs accept the limited ration for a time; then rise in gathered rebellion and demand their full meal, totally unlike their apathy under fasting.

It was not until New Year's day that this happened. Lunch consisted of a small allowance of cornbread.

"Can't I have some more, Penfield?" wheedled Thad.

Mrs. Penfield's eyes filled with the tears that had been close to the surface every time she had looked at her brave brood.

Lettie sprang to her feet. "You'll be dummys," she said affectionately, "tahn't cornbread you want; it's winter. I'll get you some."

She brought him another tumbler of water. He drank a few swallows obediently. He always did what Lettie told him to be at tomorrow."

"Oh," he objected, making a wry face. "It's got sompin' in it. Tastes like salty."

"You bet it's got sompin' in it," rejoined Lettie. "It'll make you want some more water—and then some more. You're going to get full fore I'm through with you. And after you get a full feeding, you can't tell what gave it to you!"

"Oh, children," began Mrs. Penfield quickly, "tonight we'll have a grand promenade around the driveway, which not only affords healthful exercise but also exhibits the young Plymouth Rock to any admiration that might stray through the windows of The Custard Cup."

She was startled by the sound of a motor, rapidly approaching. Glanced up, she saw a beautiful limousine chugging into The Custard Cup, a circumstance which had probably not happened before since the earliest tenant had taken possession. Lettie was surprised that she forgot everything else, starting open-mouthed at the limousine stopped beside her.

The big car contained only one person, a lady in a dark-blue suit and small hat comely formed of dark blue wings. She was tall and slender, with delicate features and smooth skin. She wore a sable coat; she also a sable muff. Most evidently she was in a hurry. Before the chauffeur could spring from his seat, she opened the door of the car and stepped out to descend.

Lettie roused. "Hold on!" she cried. "Wait till I get Bonnie Geraldine out of the way."

With one daintily shod foot on the running board, the lady paused, swayed slightly. Her hurry seemed to have passed.

"What?" she gasped. "Who?"

"Bonnie Geraldine," repeated Lettie. "Continued on Page 3

the Christmas dinner in acceptability to all the little Penfields."

When Mrs. Penfield opened the bundle that Orink had brought, she was amazed to find that it did not contain white clothing as usual, but silks and embroideries, colored fabrics, a far more difficult washing. However, she

had no time to wash them.

She had no time to wash them.

She had no time to wash them.

She had no time to wash them.

She had no time to wash them.

THE CUSTARD CUP

Continued from Page 2

"Wait till I wind up her rope and kind of pull her in. If you was to try in you might throw her."

The lady's beautiful dark eyes followed the length of shop-twine to the bunch of speckled feathers, now considerably agitated by the general commotion and also by Little's zealous reeling in.

"Do you call that—that hen—Bonnie Geraldine?"

"Uh-huh," beamed Little, flattered by this attention to her pet. "Ain't it a grand name? I took it from two swell girls. She's going to be a society hen when she grows up."

The lady appeared to be having trouble about breathing. Her gloved hand fluttered at her throat, loosed the swell scarf. She stepped to the ground.

"Don't you think you might call your hen something more—more appropriate?" she inquired, with greater composure.

Little shook her head violently. "Suits me. They're the sweetest folks I know, and—"

"Oh, then you know these people?"

Little tossed her head in disarray at this littleness. "I hasn't seen 'em, it's what you mean; but golly, I've seen their clothes! Sweetest clothes you ever saw. I have to hang 'round the yard and watch 'em when they're drying, 'cause somebody might snitch 'em; and if they should—Landy great Goshens, I'd bust The Custard Cup to pay for 'em!"

The lady's interest had waned. She was looking fixedly at the child's ragged blue chumbray. Little, with tight-lipped resolution, resented the scrutiny.

"What's the matter with this here rig?" she asked feebly.

"It's familiarity," murmured the lady. "The same, and yet not the same. Will you tell me where Mrs. Pendleton lives?"

Little, now cuddling the caw-cawing Bonnie Geraldine in her thin arms, sprang forward, her great black eyes glowing with excitement.

"Jimmy, do you mean it? Are you really coming to see us? Great guns, ain't that the darndest good luck! Everybody 'round'll be jealous when they see what a caller we hoped in. Follow me!"

With an air of importance as expansive as a drum major, Little darted in front of the limousine lady and led the way toward Number 47. But at the entrance to the alley they ran into a youngster with auburn hair and big blue eyes that opened wide and wider in delighted amazement. He was wearing the pink plaid which had been made down from a garment once worn by Miss Bonnie Weatherstone.

The lady stopped short. "Who—who is this?"

"It's Thad," elucidated Little, somewhat impatient over this superfluous detail. "He's my little brother—or he would be if he was any related at all. Here, Thad, take Bonnie Geraldine round to her coop and be sure and fasten the stat. She's a precious hen, so you look lively or you'll have me to reckon with." Now—As she slid the big door on its creaking wheels, she turned her attention again to the caller. "You hain't told me who you are. I gotta tell Penzle."

"Oh, yes. Tell her, Mrs. Weatherstone."

Little paused with the door half open. "Holy smoke!" she gasped. "You don't mean it! Land, I'm glad to see you at last. Come right along, and sit anywhere you like. That opera chair's the best one, though, if you ask me. I'll speak to Penzle."

She darted into the kitchen, closing the door behind her with great forethought. She returned immediately.

"Penzle'll be in right away," she reported. "She's ironing some'p'n and can't stop in the middle. Just make yourself to home!"

Launching this formal hospitality with only the vaguest idea of its significance, she was contented when Mrs. Weatherstone merely continued as she was.

Little made conversation. "How's your health, Mrs. Weatherstone?"

The lady's lips danced, but she answered as a lady should. "I'm very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Oh, ma!" returned Little jauntily. "I'm as strong as a cow. I've made as many's twenty trips today; I guess."

Mrs. Weatherstone seemed not to be familiar with the phraseology of damps. Her dark eyes strayed to a packing box.

"Are you moving?" she inquired, in some perplexity.

"Land, no," cried Little in astonishment. "Them—why them are bade. Look here!" She sprang up and gave rise of the box a vigorous twist. "This is where Crink sleeps; Thad sleeps in the other one."

"Never mind, Little," reproved Mrs. Penfield quietly, as she came into the room. "I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Weatherstone."

Sighed, Little pushed back the box and withdrew to a corner, watching her beloved Penzle with speculative wonder. There was a subtle change in Mrs. Penfield's manner, even as her way of speaking. Little felt it, but could not know the cause. Without realizing it herself, Mrs. Penfield had reverted to the days when she had had a real home and had received callers on a basis of general equality, vastly different from her enforced experience in The Custard Cup, an environment which was far from encouraging to niceies in speech and hearing. Her manner was as self-possessed as usual, but touched with a gracious reserve that would have been fatal in her intercourse.



Mrs. Weatherstone Sprang to Her Feet.

with tenants who assumed superiority just because they treated them as inferior. Mrs. Weatherstone, being a cultured woman, was undisturbed by thoughts of comparison. Therefore Mrs. Penfield could meet her on her own ground.

Mrs. Weatherstone proceeded, once to her errand. "I have just discovered that one of the maids gave your son the wrong blanket. I suppose you knew it was a mistake."

"A mistake!" Mrs. Penfield repeated the phrase in surprise. "No, I didn't know there was a mistake."

"You didn't? Why, didn't you get the silk hangings and that embroidered bedspread?"

"Yes, but I supposed you intended to send 'em."

A look of alarm came into Mrs. Weatherstone's face. "What did you do with them?" Her voice was tense with suppressed anxiety.

"I washed them. Right now I was ironing—"

Mrs. Weatherstone sprang to her feet. "You washed them!" she repeated, shocked and incredulous. "Do you mean that you put them into water?"

Mrs. Penfield blinked. "Sure I did. Why not?"

"Into water! My choicest hangings! How could you do it! You should have known there was a mistake. Those things were to be dry cleaned. I gathered up everything because we're doing the house over and refurnishing. But water! Why—"

"What's the matter with water?" demanded Mrs. Penfield, thoughtfully puzzled. "Dry cleaning isn't half so cleansing, and things don't smell so good, either."

"I know that, but it's a slight matter compared with ruining—"

"Ruin! Do you suppose for a minute, Mrs. Weatherstone, that I ruined your hangings—and—Why, I shouldn't have touched 'em if I hadn't been sure what I could do. They're looking fine."

Mrs. Weatherstone's shoulders relaxed; the tension in her bearing dissolved into her usual grace. "What do you mean?" she asked weakly.

"I'll show you, but you'll have to come into the kitchen." She led the way and pointed to a spread, thrown across a line. It was of cashmere satin, woven in India and embroidered with delicate silks in a raised pattern. Hundreds and hundreds of stitches had gone into every square inch."

"Hand-made dyes," said Mrs. Penfield casually. "They don't use any others for that kind of work."

Mrs. Weatherstone's eyes lit up with involuntary surprise. Mrs. Penfield smiled, but made no explanation. Experience in a wealthy family had given her this knowledge, but she allowed the information to stand alone, as Mrs. Weatherstone would have done.

"I'd only just begun to iron the hangings," continued Mrs. Penfield presently. She held up a length of rose silk embroidered in a scattered design of soft color. Mrs. Weatherstone stripped off her gloves and felt of the material. She shook her head.

"I wouldn't have believed it could be done. It's marvelous. Do you mean, Mrs. Penfield, that you washed this and the spread in the water, as you would white embroidery?"

"Land, no. I'd have ruined 'em that way for sure. I washed 'em with a bag."

"With a—Did you say a bag?"

"Yes, like this one." Mrs. Penfield produced from the cupboard a small bag of muslin, half filled with a soft substance.

Mrs. Weatherstone felt of that, too, but was still puzzled.

"Is it something that you buy?"

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Oh, no, I make 'em myself. It's a mixture of grains and—"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Weatherstone, throwing up her hand in a gesture of quick authority. "Don't you tell me what's in it?"

"Why not? I'd just as soon you'd know as not."

"Don't you tell me—or anybody else. Don't you tell a soul what's in it?"

Mrs. Penfield gazed at her in silent bewilderment.

"For remember what I say. Keep it to yourself."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Penfield slowly. "It's just something I worked out, and it's been wonderful for the children's dresses. I can keep gingham as bright as ever—if it ain't faded to begin with. I stumbled on it first by accident, and then I expect—

and proportions and—" "That's just it," nodded Mrs. Weatherstone, "and you've worked out a method that is ahead of the commercial methods. You keep your own counsel till I talk with the man I know who owns a chain of laundries. I'll have him come to talk with you."

A dash of gratitude lighted Mrs. Penfield's brown eyes. "Oh, if it could be worth something!" she stammered. "I never had thought of that. And I thank you. I always knew you were kind."

Mrs. Weatherstone's glance traveled briefly around the bare kitchen; reflected on Little, who had followed silently; skipped to Thad, who had padded in from the yard. . . . She bit her lips, as if an unwelcome conclusion about her own thoughtfulness had forced its way into her mind.

"I'm sorry I was impatient, Mrs. Penfield," she apologized, as they went back into the living-room, "but I never dreamed you were so skilful!" She was fastening her scarf as she spoke. "Oh, do wait a minute, please," begged Mrs. Penfield. "That sounds like Crink's whistle. He'll be so glad to meet you!"

Crink came in at the big door. Crink in the turned overcoat, pulling off his shabby cap. Little and Thad in their thin cotton, were dressed according to the sunshine and the really mild temperature; but Crink, coming in contact with the outside world, was dressed according to the calendar month of January, nominally winter.

"This is Crink," said Mrs. Penfield, proudly. "Crink, ain't it grand to see Mrs. Weatherstone?"

"I should say!" Crink stepped forward eagerly. "I wanter thank you for this here overcoat! Gee, it's a dandy! It was pretty good last winter, but now! Penzle's turned it, ain't nobody got better."

"You turned Gersidine's coat!" murmured Mrs. Weatherstone. "Why, I never should imagine it wasn't new." Drawing on her glove, she became graciously conversational. "Crink, my dear, is it possible that you and Little are twins? You're about the same size, but your coloring is so different!"

"No, ma'am, we ain't twins. I'm most ten, but I don't know how old Little is. What would you say, Penzle?"

"I expect Little's younger," sniped Mrs. Penfield. "Only a few months, likely. And you know we're guessing more or less 'bout your age, too. Proximate age'll do very well for all three of you. There's a heap of things more important."

Mrs. Weatherstone paused with her fingers on the clasp of the glove she had been about to fasten. Her dark eyes were full of inquiry, but her lips were polite.

Mrs. Penfield answered her question. "They weren't mine at all originally—I lost my own."

"Oh, but they are related!"

"Bless you, no, I just adopted 'em." Mrs. Penfield waved her hand carelessly, in a rather correct indication of the vague beginning which all these had had.

"You adopted three children!" exclaimed Mrs. Weatherstone.

"Why, yes, it wasn't nothing. I wanted to, and I could as well not."

Mrs. Weatherstone, looking at the other woman across a vast gulf of economic disparity, smiled gently. "Eee," she said, in a low voice, "you could."

Crink was uneasy. There was something in the interview that he did not understand. He felt the undercurrent of unspoken thoughts and could only infer that his beloved Penzle was being criticized. He caught Mrs. Weatherstone's glance, keen, swift, darting from the vivid pictures on the wall to the packing boxes, to the few straight chairs, to the bare spaces around the room where furniture most conveniently might have been.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Weatherstone softly, "you could."

Orzak plunged into defense. "You don't understand, Mrs. Weatherstone," he said earnestly. "It ain't a bit as you're thinking. We get along fine—honest, we do. I earn some money now, and a lot of old vegetables and things. And we always have lots to eat—that is, all except last week, and then—then we got along. But that's the only time. We always have grand spreads—two kinds to every meal, and sometimes—". He caught a warning glance from Mrs. Penfield and stopped in confusion.

"Golly, what're you folks talking about?" burst out Little with violence. "Who ever thought we didn't have the sweetest eat! Best chow on the Coast! Never was anybody like Penzle. Lordy, she's got me sold. I'd die for 'em! I'd get 'em! out here."

"Children—children—" reproached Mrs. Penfield, who by quiet, more unobtrusive means had been unable to check this torrent of gratuitous explanation. "I'm ashamed of you."

Mrs. Weatherstone made no comment on the intimate revelations. She gathered up her muff and moved toward the door.

"Will the hangings be ready tomorrow, Mrs. Penfield? Then I'll send for them; you won't have to find them as much in that case. And I shall speak to Mr. Crishaw. I'm sure he'll come to see you. Good-by—and Happy New Year!" With a charming smile she stepped down to the warped board that took the place of front porch.

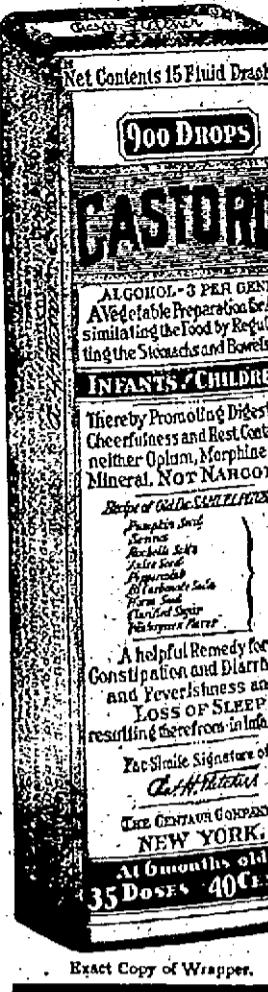
"We'll all go out with you," shouted Little. "And come again whenever you can. won't ya? It's been awful有趣的, saying you."

The three children trooped after her, prodigal with entertaining comment, delighted with the grandeur of her response. After she had stepped into the car, they stood watching, hand in hand.

"Remember us to your daughter, won't you?" heeded Little, in a clinging ecstasy of politeness.

"Yes, thank you," returned Mrs. Weatherstone, not to be outdone.

In the moment before the car started, she looked again at the three children, in their made-over versions of clothing that had come out of her household. She was unwittingly responsible for the appearance which



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Saturday, April 14, 1923

A distinguished medical authority says that more than eight hundred thousand people will die this year or preventable disease. It will be well for medical science to get on its working suit and abolish a few of these preventable diseases.

The Government proposes to abandon the two dollar bill. A few years ago the three dollar bill ceased to exist, now the \$2 bill appears to be about to pass into oblivion. The ordinary mortal can see no call for abandoning the good old two dollar "william."

The French Minister of Finance says that France will get out of Ruhr and all other German territory when Germany pays up. He says that France will no longer accept promises. To use his own language: "We have a guarantee and we have decided to hold it until we have received satisfaction." That is where France is acting within her rights.

The income taxes collected in the month of March, it is claimed, will prove seventy millions greater than in the previous year. The amount collected this year will reach the sizable sum of \$400,000,000. All this was collected notwithstanding the fact that the excess profits tax and the sur-tax were greatly reduced. Secretary Mellon recommends still further reduction in the taxes. The public can stand it.

Ex-Congressman O'Shaughnessy, in an address before the Knights of Columbus the other night told his hearers: "We are all going to live under the Constitution of the United States for many years, in spite of the attempts of radicals to overthrow it." That was good counsel, but he might have gone further and said the same of the Constitution of Rhode Island. He told his hearers that of the two thousand amendments that had been proposed to the venerable document only nineteen have been adopted.

Massachusetts coast has begun its forest fires early. Before the snow has departed from Northern New England the vicinity of Plymouth, Mass., was threatened with a most disastrous conflagration. The report says rain clouds rushed to Plymouth Sunday afternoon by a merciful south-wester, spilled their torrents at 3 o'clock, probably saving the northern edge of the town from destruction and bringing relief to exhausted fire fighters, who had labored against ever-spreading rings of flame for 48 hours.

United States Senator Ferris of Michigan, the first Democrat elected to the Senate from that state in 70 years, recommends that legislatures in all the states take a ten years' holiday from law making. He goes on to say, "I wish some way could be found to stop the mania for law making. Whenever a man goes to the legislature he thinks it necessary to get some bills passed in order that the people at home will know that he has not been loafing. The result is foolish laws, cluttered statute books, and contempt for law among the people."

Never were truer words spoken than the foregoing from Michigan's first Democratic senator. If Rhode Island is to have any more legislatures like the present, it would be well for the good name of the state to make it a twenty years' holiday instead of ten, as recommended by Michigan's Democratic senator.

NO CALL FOR CHANGE

The Providence Journal says:

There is no rhyme or reason in a system that gives West Greenwich, Exeter, Portsmouth, Charlestown or Richmond an equal voice with Providence in the upper branch of the General Assembly. The arrangement is ridiculous—and not only that, it is grossly unjust. The Senate should be reconstructed either on a strict population basis or on one that takes population as a principal factor into account.

Carrying that argument to its logical conclusion, where would Rhode Island be in the United States senate? Now New York, with its eleven millions of people, has the same voice and vote as Rhode Island, with a little more than half a million. Based on population, if Rhode Island is to have two representatives in the U. S. Senate, then New York should have forty. Still we hear no kick from the great state of New York about "unequal representation." The men who framed the Constitution of the United States were wise men. Their work has stood the test of time. The framers of Rhode Island's constitution acted wisely in copying after the National document. The make-up of the state senate is all right, and should remain intact. If put on the basis of population, we all know the result. The control of the state would rest with one municipality.

IMPORTANCE OF EQUAL REPRESENTATION IN THE SENATE

One of the ablest minds this state has produced in many years, writing on the constitution of this state, gives very cogent reasons why there should be an equal representation of the towns and cities in the senate. He says:

"We are in a better position now to call more particular attention to the analogy between the system of towns forming Rhode Island and the system of states forming the United States. This analogy is most remarkable. As the original thirteen states constituted the union of the United States, so did the four original colonies or towns constitute the united colony, subsequently the state. As new states came into the Union, so new towns became a part of Rhode Island. Out of the union of the towns across the Colony, subsequently the State, that afterwards admitted or created new towns. Out of the union of the states arose the United States, that, in its turn, created or admitted new states into the Union. Each town of this State and each state of the United States is supreme in its own sphere, each regulating and administering its own internal affairs. When a new state came into the Union, it reserved its local self-government, as the thirteen original states had reserved it before them. So, when new towns were formed in Rhode Island, they became a part of the State upon the same footing as the four original towns; that is to say, they retained the right to local self-government by implication, since no distinction was made between the power of the original towns and of new towns."

There is good reason for adhering to equal representation of every town and city in our senate. It is in accord with what is sought herein to be shown, the independent origin, the political supremacy, and the historical and constitutional development of these units of our political being."

A VETERAN IN THE RACE

An exchange, speaking of the race by sailing craft for Bermuda, starting from New London June 12, says: "Probably the most interesting entry is the 32-year old yawl Chaos, veteran of many a high seas cruise. The rugged 42-foot craft is now fitting out at Williams & Manchester's boat yard in Newport for the event and, on the strength of past performances, bids fair to render a good account of herself, even in the fast company she will keep."

Chaos is a shade under 10 tons burden, 42 feet overall, 30 water-line, 10½ beam, with a draft of 7 feet 2 inches. She was built in South Boston in 1908, and despite her age is as sound as a dollar today. As a cutter, before she was rigged as a yawl, Chaos was flagship of the Hartford Yacht Club for many years, and it became a tradition among the skippers of the fleet that she could show a clean pair of heels to anything on the Sound at that time.

On the spray trail to Bermuda, Chaos will carry a complement of five, two of whom are ex-U. S. Navy surfchaser officers and former owners of the craft they will navigate. The Bermuda cruise is notably a rough and tumble voyage and the proposed race promises a full measure of excitement. So far, about 28 entries or craft varying in length from 35 to 55 feet overall have been received.

TO HONOR THE FIRST GREAT PIANO MAKER

The Jonas Chickering centennial celebration will take place April 21 and 22, respectively, and will be observed in Boston, New York, and in many other parts of the country. Vice President Coolidge has been made chairman of the committee which proposes a nation wide celebration. Chickering, called the father of the pianoforte, was born a century ago. He was a blacksmith's son in New Hampshire. A writer says:

"There were at his disposal very limited financial means and but a few simple tools, but there were also at his disposal pluck, resourcefulness, persistency, love of his work and inventive genius. With these, he wrought a great and lasting American achievement. His was the brain from which sprang the conception, his was the hand that laid the foundation of the splendid American piano of today and of its triumph throughout the world."

TOO MUCH BLAME PUT ON ADAM

Dr. Charles W. Childs, a noted zoologist, commenting on some statements of the Democratic perpetual candidate for President, William Jennings Bryan, says: "If William Jennings Bryan's denial of the theory of evolution be correct, Adam must have survived for 930 years all the germ diseases which afflict man today. Eve must have been created by vivisection, the Garden of Eden must have been in China, and a lot of other startling things must have followed in consequence. In addition to all that, Noah must have been not only a capable ship captain, but the world's first successful public health officer, because he must have taken all the germs into the Ark and taken them out again, without losing a single elephant."

The claims of the American citizens against Germany and the Germans, which have been already filed, amount to the nice little sum of \$1,187,736,867. Wonder when they will be paid? No man living can answer that question, and no man living will live long enough to see them paid. One thing is pretty certain, Germany will not be able to finance another war in the next hundred years.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

But one day remains in which the members can draw pay and mileage. From then on they will have to work for nothing and "board themselves." However, if they do not accomplish more than they have for the past fifteen weeks, the pay would seem to be ample. The Democrats have still kept up their filibustering tactics, varied occasionally by attempts to take their pet measures from the committees, but without success.

The House on Tuesday and Wednesday reported many bills of a more or less private nature, some of which were passed. Nothing of any general interest was considered. The bill fixing the salary of the new fourth assistant attorney general at \$3000 passed the House. The bill creating the office has not yet passed the Senate.

NEW HAVEN DEFICIT

The annual report of the New Haven road shows a deficit of \$4,865,767, which is not very encouraging to the stockholders. There is one ray of encouragement in the fact that the deficit is smaller than it was in 1921 by several millions of dollars. The president of the road says the principal causes for this unsatisfactory showing are a 10 per cent decrease in freight rates due to the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the increase in the cost of fuel owing to the coal strike; an increase in operating expenses owing to the shop crafts strike of July 1, 1922, and congestion of traffic following the settlement of the coal strike aggravated by unusual winter adversity.

Another important cause for this deficit is the immense amount of freight handled by auto trucks. It is very doubtful if the stockholders of the New Haven road ever again see any return for their money.

HON. JOSEPH E. SMITH

Former State Senator Joseph E. Smith of North Kingstown, who died in his home early in the week, was a man well known in Newport, where he married his wife many years ago. He was in his 87th year; he was born in that town as were his ancestors, dating back to previous to the Revolution. Benjamin Smith, his grandfather, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Smith represented his town in the General Assembly for many years. He was also a member of the town council of North Kingstown for many years.

He cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln. He was a member of Washington Lodge, No. 5, A. F. & A. M., of Wickford. On May 14, 1862, he married Mary Sullivan of Newport, who died some years since. Senator Smith was a man much respected by all who knew him. He leaves four sons and two daughters. His sons are Captain John H. Smith, Captain B. Frank Smith, Captain Joseph E. Smith, Jr., and Walter J. Smith, all of whom are well-known in Newport. His daughters are Mrs. Stephen B. Emery of Providence and Mrs. H. Irving Reynolds. He leaves eleven grandchildren.

Sixty-two years ago Sunday, April 15, 1861, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to suppress the rebellion. Fifty-eight years ago Sunday, April 15, 1865, the beloved President breathed his last, having met death at the hand of the assassin, Wilkes Booth.

The Boston Herald says "The dollar of our daddies would buy 400 weight of coal." Perhaps it would in the days of our daddies, but it won't do it today. If it will buy a hundred weight the purchaser may consider that he has got a bargain.

Still Has Much to Accomplish.

During the half-million or more years that man has inhabited the earth he has learned to cultivate only about three hundred species of plants out of more than a hundred thousand that are known to exist.

Device Measures River's Depth.

The depth of a river or the sea can be ascertained by means of a device which measures the interval of a sound signal and the receipt of its echo off the bottom of the water.

WEEKLY CALENDAR APRIL 1923

STANDARD TIME

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
rises	6:05	6:15	6:25	6:35	6:45	6:55	7:05
sets	3:07	3:17	3:27	3:37	3:47	3:57	4:07
moon	11:50	12:00	12:10	12:20	12:30	12:40	12:50
	12:50	1:00	1:10	1:20	1:30	1:40	1:50
	1:50	2:00	2:10	2:20	2:30	2:40	2:50
	2:50	3:00	3:10	3:20	3:30	3:40	3:50
	3:50	4:00	4:10	4:20	4:30	4:40	4:50
	4:50	5:00	5:10	5:20	5:30	5:40	5:50
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	3:50	4:00	4:10	4:20	4:30	4:40	4:50
	5:50	6:00	6:10	6:20	6:30	6:40	6:50
	7:50	8:00	8:10	8:20	8:30	8:40	8:50

It Was Bob's Banner Day

By JANE OSBORN

The doctor's wife at the door told him that she was still waiting for a friend to come for her. "She's not hurt much, but oughtn't to take the trolley ride alone. She's a student from the college—working her way—poor thing."

Bob said that he was going back to the college town, and would be glad to escort her. The doctor's wife seemed pleased, and opened the door to the doctor's study, where the poor little bruised window washer was sitting upright on a haircloth sofa, pale, but composed. Her strained wrist had been neatly bandaged, and a patch on the side of her cheek, with several red scratches, told the tale of her mishap.

Bob Bennett didn't realize for the first minute—in fact, not until the girl spoke his name. "Mr. Bennett," she said, "you're very good to offer to help me home. I'm your next door neighbor in sociology 32." There was nothing arch or haughty now about the tilt of her chin, and the pretty nostrils bespeaking perfect self-satisfaction, that seemed to irritate Bob immensely.

"If she's as proud as all that she oughtn't to have come to State university," he told himself, and the hours when Mary sat beside him in sociology class were the only occasions when Bob felt ashamed of his rather threadbare suit and shabby shoes. At other times he was pleased to think that even with hand scraping he could stick out his four years at all. And now he had begun his senior year, he owed nothing and he had paid all his expenses as he went along by dint of a variety of odd jobs pursued during hours after classes.

"I know he's conceited," reflected Mary as she took her seat besides Bob Bennett. "Those big tall blonde always are. If he feels such scorn for girl students he shouldn't have come to a co-educational university." And Mary would tuck her neatly blacked eyebrows under her chair to hide the young spots on the toes.

On one occasion Professor Munson attempted to get better acquainted with his students in sociology 32 by inviting them to tea in one of the social rooms of the university. Mary and Bob first assured themselves they would not attend, but both ended by appearing at the hour appointed.

Professor Munson and his assistant mated around among their students. "I am sure you know Miss Bennett, Miss Benson," snickered the embarrassed assistant—"that is Mr. Bennett, Miss Osborn. You sit next each other, and I have such a time remembering which one belongs to which."

Bob signified that he did not know Miss Benson, and Miss Benson smiled with arch coldness, and they separated as soon as the assistant had moved on to introduce other students.

After that Mary and Bob had to exchange greetings when they met in the classroom. Once when Bob noticed that Mary's pen had gone dry in the middle of a lecture, he gave her his own, and used a pencil instead to take his own notes. Mary used it gingerly, and returned it with formal thanks afterward, and Bob told himself he regretted his burst of considerateness. However, he never used the pen thereafter without being reminded of the pretty turn of the chin and the delicate contour of the nose of Mary Benson.

He had to admit to himself that he thought her very pretty. She was the kind of girl a fellow would be proud to take to dances and things—that is, a fellow who didn't have to work his way through college and wear shabby clothes.

So Bob retreated as he started out one afternoon for a nearby industrial community, bearing a very heavy canvas case containing a variety of brushes. For Bob Bennett had secured the local agency for a brand of popular brushes and he had determined to canvass outlying towns rather than the college community itself. It was managed by dint of hard work and much persuasion to sell ten brushes in the course of an afternoon, with promise of two or three dollars' commission later on, he felt that he had done well.

On this particular afternoon success greeted him at the outset. He showed his brushes, leaving the most expensive—a long-handled window brush—till last. He had never received a single order for this. Before he had had a chance to recount its merits the housewife he was interviewing ordered one.

"We'll have to be washing windows again in a week or two," she said, "and goodness knows it's dangerous enough climbing on a ladder outside or trying to get at the window with."

At the very next house his experience was similar. "Land sakes, I'm glad you came," said this housewife when she saw the window brush. "And I think it might have been me—the mother of four children and right in the middle of gray preservatives."

Bob took the order for the brush, and asked for an explanation for the geometrical grid mark.

"Well," said a third housewife later as he gave an order for the long-handled window brush, "you happened just in time. You had about the right girl though, I don't know like best herself seriously. She's bright, she probably didn't hard work, but it's no fun having a ladder cave in across you now, is it?"

Gradually as Bob acquired a few orders for long-handled window brushes, he threw out the fact that a young housewife cleaning windows had fallen from a ladder earlier that morning. She had sprained her wrist and bruised her face. She had been taken to the doctor's office because she was to hospital, and was waiting there until friends from her home might arrive to help her away.

Bob felt gleeful over his stroke of good luck, for he raked off fifty cents commission on each of these long-handled brushes; but the more he recalled the more sympathy he felt for the poor working girl whose misfortune had spelled his good luck. It ended by his going over to the doctor's office to make inquiries for her.

TOOK TURNS BEING SERPENT

Boys Had Alternated in Character That Had Most Desirable Part In the Entertainment.

Mrs. Guites had the barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat, and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from five to eleven years, not to touch them.

Then one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach, contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"John! Henry! William!" she exclaimed reproachfully. " Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mother," replied John, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them. We're acting the Garden of Eden. While I am Adam and Eve, and Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother, as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yeah," returned White, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent!"—Exchange.

CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR

Indianapolis Man Satisfied That There Should Be a Limit Placed on Publicity.

A wife, a husband, a lawyer and a young man who had something to do with a publicity stunt have kept a telephone line leading into an Indianapolis theater busy in the last twenty-four hours. Questions put with more than ordinary vigor from a telephone receiver in the northern part of Indianapolis were met at the other end of the telephone with many and various explanations, and without appealing to the aroused persons until finally the attorney arrived personally on the scene.

The cause of the commotion started when the wife read a note, written in feminine hand, "dated Chicago, which began, "My Dear" and ended, "With love, Mary." The note told of a photoplay "Mary" had seen in Chicago. It urged her friend "My Dear" not to fail to see it, as she had been told it was on view in Indianapolis this week. The wife could not believe it was a publicity stunt. The husband failed in convincing her that "Mary" was not someone whom he had met in Chicago, and the lawyer was pressed into service. Eventually he carried a report back to the wife that convinced her that it was only publicity. The young man at the theater end of the stunt is of the opinion that publicity may be too real.—Indianapolis News.

Fresh Air Cures Colds.

If you have a stuffy head cold, lie down in a room with windows open—covers enough to keep you warm—and consciously breathe deeply for ten to fifteen minutes. Try to fill your lungs from the bottom up, as it were—then force the air all out, and start again. You will find the stuffy feeling vastly relieved. Headaches, that tired feeling, indigestion, melancholia, constipation, and countless other disorders, may be benefited or entirely relieved—if you will but make a real effort to help yourself!

Without sufficient oxygen we stagnate and become swamped in our own waste products. If you would be well and alert and capable of doing your best day after day—learn to clean your own blood stream by the daily use of air—it's free, too! Just try H. C. Richmond, D. O., in the Health Bulletin.

Doing the Impossible.

The mother looked upon Alexander and saw that he was good. He had money, power, and position, so they added their love of hygiene to the almost complete knowledge of their debutante daughters and the campaign was launched.

Athletic girls, domestic girls, beautiful women, soul affinities and working girls tried their wills, but he was invulnerable.

Then he went to the town where he was born to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his old-fashioned mother. This teacher of the village school boarded with his mother, partly to keep her company. The little teacher did not know Alexander could not be caught.

So they were married on Christmas Eve.—Judge.

Naturally Affected Her.

The magnate came home grumbling and sat down in a cheerful frame of mind to carve a large roast.

"My private secretary," he announced, "told me today that he's engaged to be married. On his salary the girl will starve."

At this the daughter of the house burst into tears, whereat dad was considerably taken aback.

"Why, what's the matter, daughter?" he inquired wistfully.

"The girl he's engaged to—o," replied the girl.

One-Man Shop Always Open.

A Greenwich Village shoemaker has devised a method for receiving shoes for repair when his shop is closed. His innovation consists of a large hole in the door on the principle of a letter slot.

"Since I adopted the scheme," he said, "my repair shop has doubled. No matter what hour you keep your shop open there is some one who can come only at another time."

"Now these people drop their shoes through my door slot with written instructions for the repairs. They also tell me when they will call for the shoes, and I can get them ready accordingly."—New York Sun.

POWER FOR GOOD

Writer Pays Tribute to Irish Schoolmaster.

Has Always Ruled by Love, and Many Men and Women Rise Up to Call Him Blessed.

We often wonder whether Thady Sheridan had been able to satisfy the requirements of the board of education for Ireland. But he accomplished it nevertheless and still retains his position as village schoolmaster. He had, however, to submit to several indignities. His picturesquely rose-covered but antiquated schoolhouse was pulled down, and plain, comfortable building erected in its stead. But far worse! He was compelled to submit to government inspection, he who had taught successfully for 80 years. Fortunately Mr. Kelly, the inspector, is broadminded enough to pass over Thady's ignorance of modern methods and discipline in consideration of the good results he obtains on the whole.

It was rather a shock to him, on coming unexpectedly to the school, to find Thady teaching a class of "lips" with two of the youngest seated on his knees. But his surprise was still greater when, having produced the usual "Punishment Book" and explained that every child must be registered to the children must be registered, Thady exclaimed, in genuine astonishment, "Surely, sir, you don't believe I would ever lay a finger on the children."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Sheridan, the boys must need it occasionally."

Thady drew himself up to his full height: "Never! And if ever I found I could not make them do no bidding without punishment, I'd resign at once."

Bo, Thady continued to rule entirely by affection. "His crown is sufficient correction; his love is the law of the school." And the children do him credit at examinations, except, it must be admitted, in English composition. That is certainly their weak point.

The inspector, on one occasion having carefully explained what "advantages" meant, asked the bigger boys to write an essay on "The Advantages of Country Life," and the following was the best effort that resulted:

"There does be many good points in living in the country. Ye can dig your own prates and milk your own goat and eat your own hen's eggs if your mother'll let you. Ye can catch the farmer's asses that are eating the grass, if so be that the farmer doesn't catch you. But the best of it all ye can 'itch' whenever you like, whereas them poor gossons as live in towns can't so much as stay away from school for one week without having the 'pols' after them. Thanks be, I live in the country."

In spite of this, one is glad that Thady is still the village schoolmaster, for his influence for good is strong and continues long after his pupils have left school. In fact, there are many men and women now living in "The Big Smoke," as some Irish peasants call Dublin, and others scattered all over the world who testify with gratitude to the loving guidance and training they received from Thady Sheridan.—Christian Science Monitor.

LACK POWER OF DESCRIPTION

Average Person Unable Accurately to Define Things That Are in Commonplace Use.

It seems rather strange, but there are a number of things which we know well enough and yet are totally unable to describe accurately.

In some cases, to give a description of an ordinary common object may require special scientific knowledge. In others it seems as though it ought to be simple enough to anybody—and yet nobody can do it!

An example of the former class is shown by the joke which was common a little while ago, of asking people what a spiral staircase is. It takes a mathematician to define a spiral, and the average person finds it easier to trace one with his finger.

But suppose some one is asked how he distinguishes between beef and mutton? That requires no specialised knowledge, but the chances are that he will be hopelessly foored. Yet when he sees them both he will know each in a minute. Even then he will probably still be unable to explain exactly how he recognizes them.

Again, suppose some imaginary person of ordinary intelligence had never seen any flowers and had no idea what they were. How many people could tell him so that he could recognize them in future? Probably no one, not even the greatest botanist!

Other things which would seem to be easily and simply described really often require quite a lengthy explanation.

For instance, to make the appearance of a book plain to anyone who didn't know would necessitate a fairly complete and detailed account of the process of bookbinding.

A man was once asked to describe (without making any diagrams, of course) the appearance of a violin. He soon got into difficulties and gave it up!

The reason for this endless inability to explain common things is that we are never called upon to do it. Neither has anyone ever explained them to us.

People are shown flowers from infancy and get to "know" them without realizing why or how they do it. It is the same with thousands of commonly occurring "familiar" objects.

A man having once seen a violin would recognize another at any time, but any amount of verbal description of it would leave him almost as much in ignorance of what it looked like as before.

PROPER CARE OF TIMEPIECE

Sensitive Piece of Mechanism Seldom Given the Attention Which Should Be Accorded It.

On cold days many of us are aptured to find that our pocket or wrist time-pieces are not behaving well.

Suspecting dirt or "tired" mechanism, we take our chronometer to be examined and doctored.

But how many owners of watches attribute any blame to themselves when their timepiece goes out of order?

A watch is a highly sensitive piece of mechanism. About 15 per cent of us, on retiring for the night, place our watches on the cold washstand or mantelpiece, and during the night, the fire having burned down and out, the atmosphere of the bedroom becomes chilly. Now, all metals contract with cold, yet many express surprises when they rise in the morning and find that their timepiece has gone wrong.

The best plan to prevent your watch from becoming "frozen up" is to sleep with it under your pillow. This evens the temperature—and, incidentally, your watch is in a safer resting place.

It is generally thought that it is merely a matter of convenience whether a timepiece is wound up at night or in the morning. The morning is the better time, because, fortified with the latent power in the spring, the mechanism is more able to withstand the jolts and shocks it receives during the day.

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INVENTOR IN EARLY YOUTH

John Muir, When a Boy, Gave Promises of the Genius That Later Made Him Famous.

John Muir, the naturalist, in his youth, developed a talent for invention, making his own tools out of the material at hand. During this period he invented an apparatus which, when attached to his bed, not only awakened him at a definite hour, but simultaneously lighted a lamp. After so many minutes allotted for dressing, a book was pushed up from a rack below the top of his desk, thrown open, and allowed to remain there a certain number of minutes. Then the machinery closed the book, dropped it back into its place, and moved the rack forward with the next book required.

Muir also constructed a timepiece which indicated the days of the month and of the week as well as the hours. One of his clocks kept good time for 50 years. He also built a self-setting sawmill and an automatic contrivance for feeding horses at a required hour. Among his tools was a fine saw made of strips of steel from old corsets, and hammers, punches and a pair of compasses from wire and old files.

MINING for MUSEUM SPECIMENS

Few persons contemplating the remarkable specimens of extinct animals to be seen in some museums realize the amount of work which has been entailed in the uncovering and preparation of these specimens. In the first place, a well-equipped expedition is generally sent out to look for these bones, and many miles are sometimes covered in the search of a likely spot for operations. Even then tons of sand are carefully moved often without uncovering the bones that are being sought. The removal of the soil can be done only by those who are familiar with the work, for an inexperienced hand could readily do much damage by not knowing how to proceed. When a bone has been located it is uncovered slowly by the aid of small brushes and delicate implements.

The bones when found are exceedingly brittle and must be handled with the greatest of care. When they are finally brought to light they are given a coat of shellac, and then placed in a bath of flour paste. They are then carefully wrapped in strips of fabric and put in boxes. When the latter are placed in crates for shipment, the smaller boxes are surrounded with cotton and other material to prevent any possibility of damage being done to the specimens.

BORROWED HIS WAY to Riches.

Henry Philips was associated with Andrew Carnegie for 50 years in the steel business. His wealth increased from nothing to \$50,000,000. His climb was illustrated by a friend who told of the career of a man who owned a large chicken farm.

"How did you happen to start in the chicken business?" somebody asked him.

"When I was young I was out of work for a spell," he answered. "So I borrowed a hen and a dozen fresh eggs from a neighbor. I set the hen on the eggs and all of them hatched. Then I waited until the hen had laid a dozen eggs. I took the hen and the dozen eggs I borrowed back to the owner. He had what I borrowed from him and I had a dozen chickens. The dozen chickens started my farm."

Philips borrowed 25 cents to advertise for a job. Later he borrowed \$300 to enter the partnership which made him rich.

GREATEST SCULPTURES EVER EXECUTED.

The Painter's Idiom.

The painter's message is spoken in paint, truly enough. But paint is a highly specialized medium, the specific quality of which is not readily comprehended by most people. Words, if anything, are popularly understood. To write about paintings properly is as far as possible to translate them from a more difficult to a less difficult medium. Since the justification of every art is its ability to say things which no other

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

308 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
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WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Tannery.

Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

HOW

MOSTONION GETS ITS CHARACTERISTIC AROMA.

Onions of moderate size contain about 0.1 per cent water; they are succulent and tender, and as thoroughly digested and as easily absorbed by the stomach as are other similar vegetables.

They are not only rich in vitamins, but have other nutritive and medicinal properties as well. There is in them, for instance, much food iron, good for those suffering from anemia, and very little starch or sugar, which makes them suitable for diabetics.

The sulphur compound which gives them their characteristic aroma, is believed to stimulate the flow of digestive juices, and also to act as a mild laxative. In cooking, much of this acid volatile oil, which is called allyl sulphide and has an effect on the eye similar to that of tear gas, is lost. That is why cooked onions have so much less taste than raw ones, and also why a silver spoon, if used in stirring them sometimes acquires a black coating, which is silver sulphide.

As an article of trade, onions rank third among the truck crops of the United States, and, in addition to the large home-grown supply, considerably over a million bushels every year are imported, the majority now coming from Spain. Also there used to be heavy imports of this vegetable from Bermuda, but those islands have been losing out in the last few years, principally because so many onions are now grown in Texas. Other localities specializing in the succulent bulb are Ohio, western New York, Connecticut and Coachella valley, in southern California, where a very sweet variety, closely resembling the Egyptian, is being raised.

EFFECTS OF VARIOUS FOODS

How Investigation Has Determined Value of Certain Forms of Nourishment—Some Best Uncooked.

A German investigator has conducted a series of experiments to determine the effects of various foods, beverages, condiments and species, as well as the effect of cooking, chewing and digestion upon the pulse and cardiac (heart) activity, and found that all the foods, accessory foods and spices, with the exception of very acid substances, coffee, tea and coco, had a stimulating effect on the heart. Water inhibits the depressive effect of stimulants from heating.

The depressive substances become stimulating after they are heated and water increases the stimulating effect. If the substance tested is applied to the palate the effect is greater than when applied to the mucosa (lining) of the cheek.

Different portions of the same vegetables have different effects. Acids applied to the tongue cause depression of the pulse; applied to the mucosa of the cheek and palate, they cause an increase of the pulse, but applied to the whole oral (mouth) cavity, there is depression of the pulse.

All foods are more stimulating when eaten raw than when cooked. Cold and heat are repressive, and moderate heat has the most stimulating effect.

Why We Have Horns on Autos.

Bells have for centuries been used on horse traffic, and more recently on cycles. To herald the approach of a motorcar with its greater speed, some distinctive sound was needed. Extra loud bells, it is true, such as are employed on fire engines, might have been used, but the pandemonium in crowded street would be unbearable.

The horn, therefore, the perfected descendant of the old post boy's horn, was the obvious instrument, and possessed, in addition, the advantage of throwing its sound forward, instead of all round, as a bell does.

So by custom we came to accept the horn as the distinctive warning of a motor. In parts of Europe, indeed, it is illegal to affix a horn to any other kind of vehicle.

Why the Crust on Bread?

An expert baker gives the following explanation: "When mass of dough is baked in the oven the water in it turns to steam at 212 degrees Fahrenheit. After this it cannot get any hotter. But the outside of the loaf is not limited by the presence of water, and both the pan and the air in the oven get much hotter. This extreme heat converts the starch in the outer layer of dough into sugar, part of which is burnt to caramel. The latter gives the outside of the loaf its crust and makes it quite different in appearance and flavor from the inside."

FRESH TOMATOES IN GOOD DEMAND

Rapid Growth of Industry in United States Is Shown in Bulletin by Parsons.

GAIN OF 50 PER CENT SHOWN

Becoming Increasingly Important That Producers and Shippers Use Only Most Approved Methods of Harvesting and Packing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Preparation of Fresh Tomatoes for Market" is the title of Farmers' Bulletin 1201, just issued by the bureau of agricultural economics, United States Department of Agriculture. In this new bulletin the author, F. Earl Parsons, gives specific suggestions as to the best methods of getting this popular vegetable from the field to the market.

Big Gain Last Year.

A 50-cent gain in tomato shipments in 1922, compared with movement of the previous year, shows the increasing demand for this product. Average shipments have been less than 15,000 cars per year, but during the past season 20,000 cars were forwarded. In view of the growth of this industry, it is becoming increasingly important that producers and shippers use only the most approved methods of harvesting, packing, grading and loading, which are described in Farmers' Bulletin 1201.

This publication points out that there are three stages of maturity at which tomatoes may be picked, depending largely on the distance they must travel before being placed on sale. Mature green tomatoes, or "green-wraps," constitute the bulk of shipments from Florida and other states in the southern tier. Pink tomatoes, or those which are "turning," come chiefly from southern Illinois and sometimes from Texas and Tennessee, whereas ripe tomatoes go to nearby markets in the southern sections and comprise the bulk of shipments from Missouri, Ohio and New Jersey.

The necessity for care in picking, in field handling, in sorting and in packing is emphasized in this new bulletin. The author says that "the interior of the picking utensil should be inspected carefully and all sharp edges, nail points, and rough surfaces smoothed off. Small skin breaks re-



Soil Survey Party at Work.

the homeseeker or farmer looking for a new location, from road engineers, land banks, and large loan companies.

Co-operating with the Department of Justice, representatives of the soil survey furnished expert testimony in a case involving the changing of state boundaries during the past year. A detailed map was made of the soils of the Red river bottoms, in the vicinity of the Burkhardt oil field, for the purpose of showing the process by which the bottoms were built up, this fact having an important bearing on the settlement of a boundary dispute between Texas and Oklahoma.

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MEANS OF SPREADING "T. B."

Several Causes Responsible for Prevalence of Dread Disease Among Cattle Herds.

"How did tuberculosis get such a hold in my herd?" is a question that has puzzled many a stockman. The following causes have been found by experts to be largely responsible for the prevalence of tuberculosis among cattle:

Bringing untested cattle into the herd.

Common drinking tank.

Common feeding troughs or pasture.

Nosing at fence lines or breaking through fences.

Poorly ventilated barns or sheds.

Feeding of unpasteurized milk from infected cows to calves or bogs.

Unburned dead animals eaten or scattered by hogs or dogs.

Breeding to infected bull or serving cows outside tested herds.

There are other ways in which the disease can be spread, but undoubtedly stockmen can do much to check the inroads of this disease by reducing to the minimum danger from the sources mentioned.

RAPE VALUABLE AS PASTURE

Plants Sometimes Grow More Than Three Feet High Yielding Twenty Tons of Forage.

Rape is a rank growing forage plant closely resembling the rutabaga or Swedish turnip, but with a root much like that of the cabbage. The leaves are large, smooth and spreading. The plant ordinarily reaches a height of 18 to 24 inches and yields from eight to ten tons of green forage to an acre. Under favorable conditions the plants sometimes grow more than three feet high, while yields of 20 tons of forage are not uncommon. The value of the crop lies in its use as a pasture.

ACID PHOSPHATE WILL HELP

Checks Loss of Nitrogen and Adds Valuable Plant Food—Not Good as Preservative.

The use of acid phosphate with manure is a help in checking the loss of nitrogen, as well as actually adding valuable plant food. Ground rock phosphate is frequently recommended for use with manure, but it does not do much good as a preservative, though it is undoubtedly of benefit as a source of phosphorus. If peat is readily available it will be good as a preservative, almost as good as acid phosphate, and possibly much cheaper.

Few Whites in Jamaica.

Only 2 per cent of the population of Kingston, Jamaica, is white.

Thought for the Day.

The best way to get ahead, and stay ahead, is to use your head.

SOIL SURVEYS SERVE VARIETY OF DEMANDS

Prominent Are Those From Various Developing Companies.

Interesting to Farmer or Homeowner Looking for New Location and to Road Engineers and Large Loan Companies.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Soil surveys made by the bureau of soils, United States Department of Agriculture, are filling an increasing variety of demands. Prominent among these demands, in addition to those coming from the co-operating states, are those from development companies interested in opening up large tracts of cut-over land to settlement, from

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Ratine Popular in Solid Colors With Large Figures.

Cotton Crepes Available in Many Weaves and Weights in Wonderful Range of Shades

If you would choose your summer frock early this is the way the wind of fashion blows.

Ratine is the fabric is the word that goes forth in regard to the frocks of spring; that is, of course, in the way of cotton fabrics. Ratine was immensely popular last year, but it scarce seemed how many frocks it should make this season. The new patterns are fascinating. There are solid colors, with large block figures interspersed at intervals, all over check and corded patterns, ratines with a border in checkerboard effect, and, new this season, ratines with a drop-stitch or open-work check and stripe.

And next to ratine, says fashion, there are the cotton crepes. Nor is the cotton crepe which goes by the name at present anything like it used to be. There are many weights and weaves as there are of silk crepes, which come in a wonderful range of solid colors. One of the smartest of these heavier crepes is of English weave, with an open-work lace stripe about three-quarters of an inch wide at four-inch intervals. Another rather heavy new crepe has a weave almost like corduroy.

A silk and cotton pebbly crepe, with an almost invisible stripe woven world make very smart tailored cotton frocks. Then there is a cotton canton crepe which is very popular. It is shown in a big range of solid colors. A rather coarsely woven pebbly crepe, almost as heavy as ratine, is 40 inches wide.

As for the sheer imported crepes in delicate pastel colorings—well, well, it is said, has a wonderfully big season after several years of comparative unpopularity—but it has a dangerous rival in those sheer crepes with shadow check and cross-hair and stripe designs, but one may buy imported voiles and cotton crepes strewn all over with embroidered designs.

The popularity of the printed fabric is absolute for spring, a fact borne out by reviews of lines of all descriptions. Blouses, dresses and three-piece costumes all take advantage of the many possibilities offered by the printed surfaces and employ them to the best advantage.

The plain fabrics are not neglected, however, for in many instances they are brought into play through combinations with the printed numbers. Three-piece suits for summer wear show blouses of a plain material, while the jacket and skirt choose a printed crepe. In some instances the order is reversed, but in any event the utmost that the fabrics offer is appreciated.

A SMART THREE-PIECE SUIT

Printed Cotton and Silk Crepes Very Smart; Deep Blue Shades for Kiddie Wear.

Charming sports things are being made up in lightweight woolens, notes a fashion authority in the New York Tribune. Emphasis is put on the use of woolen materials for spring. Among the interesting ideas are wools printed in Jacquard patterns suggestive of Egyptian and Hindoo inspiration. These in effect are not unlike the printed cottons in gay colors which were such a feature last year, and are even more interesting for the coming season. Woolen fabrics printed after this manner are frequently done on white backgrounds. Some of them introduce distinctly contrasting tones.

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however, for in many instances they are brought into play through combinations with the printed numbers.

Three-piece suits for summer wear show blouses of a plain material, while the jacket and skirt choose a printed crepe. In some instances the order is reversed, but in any event the utmost that the fabrics offer is appreciated.

An article on sports clothes is not complete without a reference to covert cloth. It gained some headway last year among the exclusively dressmakers and this year will see it in full swing as a smart fabric.

Attractive dresses of natural colored cashmere cloth woven something like Jersey are trimmed with leather, usually in brown tones, and worn with a smart leather hat, a good model being that of colonial shape, with a closely creased brim forming points just over the ears. This type of hat when worn low on the head is extremely roguish and becoming.

Kasha serge and perforated serge are combined in one-piece dresses, the bodice being made of the suede and the skirt of the cloth. A leather hat in a shade to match the skirt completes such a costume.

Hold the bottle in a sunbeam and you will find that no light passes through it. But heat manages to do so.

Place a burning glass a few inches away from the dark side of the bottle and hold a match under it as if you were focusing an unfiltered beam on its head. In a second or two it will flare up, ignited by invisible heat rays unningled with light.

How Moon Affects Earthquakes.

Earthquakes are more frequent in those parts of the world where there is evidence that geological processes may be slowly shaping the major contours of the earth's surface and where the mountains may be reckoned geologically, as comparative newcomers. In digging a trench or building an embankment, if the earth is left at too steep a slope it will find its natural one by falling toward its base. An analogous process is suggested by the tremendously steep descent from the Andes to the Pacific ocean. A glance at the map shows that that great range of mountains is almost standing with its feet in the water; as a matter of fact, the slope to the Pacific varies from 1 in 0 to 1 in 80. In calmer regions of the earth's surface the slope from the high land to the sea varies from 1 in 70 to 1 in 250. The simplest explanation of the constantly recurrent earthquakes along the Pacific coast would be the great thrust from a vast mountain range the "batter" of which has not yet reached an angle of repose.—Manchester Guardian.

How Some Insects Walk on Water.

What makes it possible for the long-legged water flea to run right over the surface of a sheet of water? If we observe it closely, says Science Sifters, we see that the end of each of its six long legs make a slight depression where it rests upon the surface. The surface is elastic in fact, and acts like a springy mattress.

The physical basis of this mode of action may be explained as follows:

The separate molecules of water cohere with considerable firmness and therefore offer a certain degree of resistance to penetration by any solid matter—but this is true only in case the body cannot be wet, i.e., if it has a composition like that of the fats.

The resistance is a result of the surface tension of the liquid, which acts like a stretched membrane.

This is sufficient to support the weight of the water flea, though it would be practically negligible for ourselves.

It is all up to the material to make a child's frock or a suit or a coat noticeable this season, for fancy trimmings is little used. Wool reps and poplins, fancy galardines and novelty French wool crepes are the most popular fabrics. The combination of two materials, a plain and fancy fabric, is quite the thing for spring.

Where the Line Is Drawn.

Men are contented to be taunted at for their wit, but not for their folly.—Jonathan Swift.

Chinese Heal by Faith.

In China the art of healing is still based on faith and superstition.

WINSOME FOR LITTLE MISS

WHY

The Humble Biddy Cackles After Laying an Egg.

The accepted explanation of the cackling in which a hen indulges after laying an egg is that she is so pleased that she wants everyone to know it.

The rooster answers the cackle with crow, and this is taken as further indication that both are immensely proud of the achievement. This explanation is not tenable.

If the question is considered fairly, it is easy to see that instinct would teach the hen to cackle to call the attention of the enemy to both herself and her embryo offspring, which she would naturally avoid doing.

The cackle is a relic of bygone days when fowls were not domesticated and ran about wild. When the hen wished to lay she retired from the rest of the fowl community and performed that task.

By the time she was ready to rejoin the commonwealth the other members had wandered some distance, and she did not know where they were. She waited till she had gone some distance from the egg in order not to endanger it, and then cackled, after also having taken a good look round to assure herself that no enemies were near.

The rooster, hearing the cackles, answered it by a crow, and thus informed the hen of the whereabouts of the tribe. This sort of thing may be seen now among the ancestors of our domestic fowl in the Malay countries and India.

IS PROVISION OF NATURE

Why Ayrago Human Being Breathes More Deeply When Asleep Than When Awake.

Many of us suffer permanently from a slight catarrh, and, while awake, we periodically clear our tubes, as we were, by coughing or blowing our noses. When asleep, we cannot do this, and the passages have to be cleared of congestion by extra deep breathing.

NAVAL FLEET COMING

There promises to be much naval activity in Narragansett Bay during the coming summer, in fact, from the last of this month until the first of October. The advance guard of the destroyer squadron is expected to arrive here on April 27th, and later there will be battleships, air forces, supply ships and other elements of the Atlantic fleet under Rear Admiral John D. McDonald.

The schedule for the summer, as announced by the Admiral, subject to approval by the Navy Department, is as follows:

Battleships—April 27 to May 31, U. S. S. Florida will base on Narragansett Bay Area, and will leave June 1 to join the midshipmen's practice cruise squadron. July 31 to September 2. U. S. S. Wyoming and Utah will base on Narragansett Bay Area for gunnery, general drills and inspection. September 2. U. S. S. Florida, Arkansas, Delaware, North Dakota, after disembarking the midshipmen, will proceed to Newport and join the Wyoming and Utah here for machinery overhaul, and gunnery drills. This will occupy until September 23; and on September 24 there will be machinery overhaul in Narragansett Bay while officers will be at the War College for a week, the battleships leaving October 1 for southern drill grounds.

Destroyer Squadrons—April 27, the Rochester and Bridgeport with Destroyer Divisions 26 and 42 will arrive in Narragansett Bay for the remainder of the month and through May, but will be at their home bases during June and July. Divisions 28 and 27 of the destroyers though, will come to Narragansett Bay for the month of July. They will be joined by the Rochester, Bridgeport, and Divisions 20 and 42 on August 1, which will give the entire destroyer squadron to Newport for that month and also, for September, when they will follow the battleship schedule, and leave for the southern drill grounds October 1.

Air squadrons—Until the first of June they will be at home yards, when they will rendezvous at Hampton Roads, en route to Newport. Squadron One of the torpedo and bombing plane detachment will base on Hampton Roads all summer, but the remainder of the after-squadron will operate in the Narragansett Bay, being scheduled for inspections, machine gun and bombing practice from July through August; and from September 1 will follow the battleship schedule, which will mean Narragansett Bay. They go to the southern drill grounds October 1.

The Train—With the exception of the Proteus and Bridge, which will be at Norfolk, the vessels of the train will come to Newport early in June and base here the entire summer, although in September the Orion will go to Norfolk and the Brazos to Boston. The train vessels based here will follow the battleship schedule after September 1.

Control force—Vessels of this force will base on Rockport, Mass., during the summer, until September 1, when they will come to Newport for machinery overhaul and gunnery drills, operating with the battleships for scouting exercises during the month and remaining during the last week for the War College session and incidentally for machinery overhaul, leaving with the rest of the fleet for southern drill grounds October 1.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 16, 1898

An anecdote of President Lincoln in this issue is good enough to be repeated. At the White House one day some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissioning or omission of the administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you've worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in its hands. Those in authority are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence—and we will get you safe across."

The Newport Artillery Company is to give an entertainment at the Opera House on May 2d, which promises to be a very unique and interesting affair. It will be a mock trial of a divorce suit. The lawyers will be professionals, while the defendant, plaintiff, judge and jury will be amateur talent.

Col. Reginald Norman, of the personal staff of Governor Dyer, has resigned, his business in Boston, where he has removed from Newport making it impossible for him to remain executive aide-de-camp. The Governor has appointed Colonel John H. Wetherell to fill the vacancy.

Mr. A. S. Benson has been confined to his house with a cold.

Work on the Fall River and New Street Railway has progressed beyond the South Portsmouth post-office, and it is believed that the rails will all be laid in about two weeks. The Company has been unfortunate in losing several of its new cars, which were destroyed by fire in the Newburyport car shops.

At the Episcopal Church elections this week, George Gordon King was chosen Senior Warden, Trinity, Thomas G. Brown, Junior Warden, William G. Cozzens Secretary, and A. B. Sayer Treasurer; Emmanuel John M. Taylor, Senior Warden, Andrew K. McMahen Junior Warden, George B. Logan Secretary, John M. Taylor Treasurer; St. George's, William S. Sherman Senior Warden, Freeborn S. Waite Junior Warden, William S. Stowcum Secretary, Peter King Treasurer; St. John's, John C. Weaver Senior Warden, Daniel B. Branan Junior Warden and Treasurer, James P. Barker Secretary.

HAD MANY TRIALS IN LIFE

Path of the Inventor of the Sewing Machine by No Means a Bed of Roses.

Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, was born in Spencer, Mass., July 9, 1810, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 3, 1867. He lived with his father, who was both farmer and miller, till 1830, working upon the farm and in the mill and attending the district school during the winters. He then learned the trade of machinist, and experimented in inventing a sewing machine. The model was completed and the patent issued September 10, 1843. A patent was also taken out in England, but from this the inventor realized nothing.

After constructing four machines in the United States he visited England in 1847, remaining two years. He returned to Boston entirely destitute, and resumed his trade for the support of his family. From this period until 1854 he was involved in expensive law suits, when the principal infringer of his patents acknowledged his rights, and arranged to manufacture sewing machines under licenses from him. After this he made a large fortune from his invention. He served as a private in the Seventeenth Connecticut volunteers during the Civil war. He was the recipient of the Legion of Honor cross and many medals.

"If the people are to be genuinely enthusiastic over motoring, as they are, of course," says a Detroit motorcar manufacturer, "what about the dogs? Dogs seem to have simply gone crazy about riding in an automobile. They will ride on the running board, cling to the fenders or take any easy seat inside the car or outside. I have two dogs of my own, and know any number of drivers who also have dogs, but I have yet to see a dog that won't drop everything, even a fight with his favorite enemy, to take a ride in the family bus."

Sixty Miles of Pyramids.

From the summit of the great pyramid there is a grand view southward, down a straggling but imposing line of pyramids rising dimly as far as one can see on the southern horizon. Each pyramid was a royal tomb, and for us each such tomb means that a king died, ruled, and died. The line is over sixty miles long, and the oldest pyramids represent the first great age of Egyptian civilization after the land was united under one king. We may call it the Pyramid age, and it lasted from 3000 to 2500 B. C.—James H. Breasted, in "Ancient Times."

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 10, 1923.

Estate of Martin T. Boyle. AN INSTRUMENT IN writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Martin T. Boyle, late of said Newport deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the sixteenth day of April, next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, Estate of Mary Agnes Slavin, also known as Agnes Slavin.

NOTICE is hereby given that James A. McGowan has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mary Agnes Slavin, also known as Agnes Slavin, late of Newport.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning April 1st, 1923.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
April 1st, 1923 Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 12th, 1923.

Estate of Michael Morley.

REQUEST in writing is made by Michael Morley, of said Newport, a son of Michael Morley, late of said Newport, deceased, that he be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Thirtieth day of April instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, April 1st, 1923.

Estate of Maria C. Conley.

RAY G. LEWIS, Administrator of the estate of Maria C. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the Thirtieth day of May at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of John A. Mitchell.

New Shoreham, April 14, 1922.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham of Edward P. Champlin, as Administrator with full account of the estate of John A. Mitchell, late of said New Shoreham deceased, and his qualification of giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, Sc., March 25th, A. D. 1923.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3244 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport on the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1923 and returnable to the said Court July 23rd, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1922, in favor of Plaintiff, Alvin H. Sanborn, et al., and in the amount of \$1,000,000, and recorded in Volume 76, page 311, in Land Evidence of Newport.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

March 18, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause, the sale of the second parcel of land as above advertised is hereby adjourned to APRIL 19, 1923, at the same time and place as above advertised.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, Sc., March 25th, A. D. 1923.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3244 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport on the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1923 and returnable to the said Court July 23rd, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1922, in favor of Plaintiff, Alvin H. Sanborn, et al., and in the amount of \$1,000,000, and recorded in Volume 76, page 311, in Land Evidence of Newport.

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FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 14th, 1923.

Estate of Maria L. Germaine.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of Maria L. Germaine, late of said Newport, and State of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 14th, 1923.

Estate of Joseph H. Germaine.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of Joseph H. Germaine, late of said Newport, and State of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 14th, 1923.

Estate of Catherine H. Sullivan.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of Catherine H. Sullivan, late of said Newport, and State of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 14th, 1923.

Estate of John C. Weaver.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of John C. Weaver, late of said Newport, and State of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 14th, 1923.

Estate of John H. Wetherell.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of John H. Wetherell, late of said Newport, and State of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 14th, 1923.

Estate of John D. McDonald.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of John D. McDonald, late of said Newport, and State of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in the said City of Newport, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
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